The Saturday News

"ALBERTA" AN ALBERTAN WEEKLY REVIEW INDUSTRY ENERGY ENTERPRISE

VOL. V. SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1910. No. 18

Note and Comment

Editor Saturday News:

Sir—I see by a reference to the Saturday News of 16th April that the controversy relating to the unpopularity of Englishmen in Canada is likely to be revived, by way, I presume, of giving a hearty welcome to this year's immigrants from the Old Country. As an Englishman who has lived in Canada and the United States for the greater part of the last twenty-five years, I wish with your permission to make some remarks on this subject. I may start by saying that personally I have never known nor cared to enquire whether I am popular or unpopular in Canada. All I can say on this point is that socially I have met with much kindness and friendship in Canada; my business experiences have been varied, interesting, and on the whole decidedly advantageous to myself, and as regards public affairs, on three different occasions I have been a candidate for office and on each occasion have been elected. These facts I mention merely to show that I have had opportunities of forming an opinion on this subect, and that personally I have nothing to complain of.

I pass on now to state that I have no intention of arguing upon the main proposition as to the popularity or unpopularity of my countrymen in Canada. For supposing I concede—which I do not—that they are unpopular, what of that? What is popularity, that we should pay so much attention to it, and esteem it so highly? I do not deny that some popular people are deservedly popular, but I most strongly affirm that many are not. For instance—the confirmed drinker is very often a very popular character as long as he has enough money to treat his friends to drinks; so is the boodling alderman, or the grafting politician, until he is found out and lodged in jail, which I grant you does not often happen. On the other hand, the temperance or the social reformer is very frequently looked upon as a pernicious bore, prig and hypocrite, and the would-be purifier of political life as a canting humbug who is only purer than his rivals because he has not got their chances. Therefore, it seems to me that when we talk of the desirability of popularity we must first clear our minds of a good deal of loose thinking.

But my real object in venturing to address you is that when dealing with this subject on 16th April you take as your text an advertisement which, so you inform us, has recently appeared in the Winnipeg Free Press. It is your text, not your deductions, therefore, which I wish to examine, and for the following reasons:

Firstly. The document in question is anonymous, and no decent Canadian would hang his cat by reason of an anonymous communication, much less I hope his brother Englishman.

Secondly. It is plainly and demonstrably malicious, vindictive and spiteful for the reasons that it is quite unnecessary and very unkind. I say that it is unnecessary because its genial author could perfectly well protect himself against the ravages of "Englishmen and loafers" without tarring them all with the same brush in the public papers, and presumably paying for the privilege. I say that it is unkind, because no kind-hearted person will go out of his way to say an unkind thing when it is unnecessary.

Thirdly. Grant that this advertisement as far as it goes is evidence of a sort of the unpopularity of Englishmen. Even so, in my opinion no unprejudiced, fair-minded man would attach any importance to such evidence, unless he had first ascertained what kind of man was the author of it. This we have no means of knowing, as I have pointed out above, because the charitable author took care to remain anonymous. But supposing we had the privilege of meeting him and were to discover for instance that he had the reputation of being the most dyspeptic, disagreeable crank in the neighborhood which he darkened by his presence? Or supposing again that we found him to be a rabid Irish-American imbued with a sentiment of traditional hostility to England and Englishmen, what should we think of the evidence then? I cannot, of course, say that he was either one of these characters, but I can well imagine that he might be both.

For which three and for other reasons I beg leave to assert that your text is not worth that part of your valuable ink it took to print it, nor that portion of your valued space which you devoted to it. And as I am quite sure that you wish to encourage immigrants and not to deter them, I humbly venture to remark that instead of giving circulation to malicious anonymous utterance, calculated to give pain to thousands of good fellow-countrymen, you would do better now and again to publish accounts of Englishmen who have done well in Canada, and have been a credit both to the land of their birth and that of their adoption. If you look into the matter with unprejudiced eyes you will not have far to seek to find a very large supply of the necessary instances. F. W. ROLT.

Mr. Rolt has surely not read the article of a week ago as carefully as he should have done. The whole purpose was to call attention to the grave injustice which is done the Englishman by the attitude of a very large section of Western Canadians to him. The word "popularity" was only used incidentally, and we quite agree with all that our correspondent says as to the absurdity of that test of a man's usefulness. At the same time we all know that there are many Englishmen who, like Mr. Rolt, have done well here and won a large measure of individual prosperity and public honor. It is just because of this latter fact that it is the more desirable to overcome the undoubted prejudice which the newcomer from the old land has to face. That this exists is a certainty.

The advertisement in question was quoted simply as evidence. The man who wrote it was merely giving expression to a feeling which prevails to an alarming extent. Anyone who has been an employer of labor in the West knows this. What then are we going to do about it? Should we shut our eyes to the ugly fact and say nothing about it? We do not see how this will help the British immigrant. The Saturday News is anxious to have him given a hearty welcome, and, more than that, given as fair a chance to make good in his new home as the newcomer of any other nationality. That was why the article of a week ago was written.

Mrs. Humphry Ward has issued a new novel which is of particular interest to the people of this part of the world in that the scene is laid in the Canadian West. The heroine of this story, Lady Elizabeth Merton, an aristocratic and highly cultivated young woman, finds in Canada an out of doors Englishman, who is entirely different from the carpet knights whom Mrs. Ward has heretofore chosen for her heroes. There was another man who had designs on Lady Merton, a man more used to her manner of life, but the Englishman of the woods triumphed. Like many strong out of doors men, he was a modest man, and perhaps, if Lady Merton had not taken it into her hands to do the proposing, she would never have been the wife of George Anderson. The story should unquestionably do much in calling attention to Canada's sources of attraction.

In a foreword Mrs. Ward tells us that the unknown lake, which she describes as Lake Elizabeth, is a "lake of dreams." "But," she adds, "it was an original on this real earth, which bears another and a real name, and was discovered two years ago by my friend, Mrs. Schaffer of Philadelphia, to whose enchanting narratives of travel and exploration in these untrodden regions I listened with delight at Field, British Columbia, in June, 1908."

Those who have read Mrs. Schaffer's magazine articles dealing with her trips in the Canadian Rockies can be in little doubt as to what lake is meant. It is Lake Maligne, situated in Jasper Park, some thirty miles south of the line of the Grand Trunk Pacific, which has called forth her enthusiasm on several occasions, as an unusually beautiful stretch of water.

Mrs. Schaffer gave Mrs. Ward permission to use her own photograph of the "unknown lake," which has been reproduced for this book. The picture bears out all that Mrs. Ward says of it. Of course we cannot get the color from this reproduction in black and white, but we can see the snow-capped mountains and the wooded shores dipping down into the water. It is not often that Mrs. Ward indulges in descriptions of nature, it is usually character that she describes, but this lake and some of the scenes of the Northwest have stirred her to her depths: "Sunset was on the jagged and snow-clad heights that shut in the lake to the eastward. The rose of the sky had been caught by the water and interwoven with its own lustrous browns and cool blues; while fathom deep beneath the shining web of color gleamed the reflected snows and the forest slopes sliding downwards to infinity. A few bird notes were in the air—the scream of an eagle, the note of a whippoorwill, and far away across the lake a dense flight of wild duck rose above a reedy river mouth, black against a pale band of sky."

This should be fairly effective in the advertising literature of the Grand Trunk Pacific when it sets out to bring tourists over its line. We do not yet realize how much more attractive life is bound to be in this part of the province when direct communication is opened with the mountains and we have the opportunity of making trips out to the great national playground which is to be established there and which those who know claim is superior in all respects to that of which Banff is the centre.

With a provincial university already established in Alberta and Calgary talking about launching a second, the subject of higher education has very decided interest to us. The other day President Falconer of the University of Toronto delivered a very striking address, in the course of which he had the following to say:

"You speak of the service of the university in public life. What is its real meaning? You do not want your university professors going about telling you how the country should be run. There would be no end of criticism of such a course. The service of the university will, I believe, be found in the contribution that it can make to public life in the direction of its strongest faculty. I believe that this University has contributed to the public life, not only of this Province but of the Dominion by the kind of men it has sent out in the last thirty or forty years, the men with B.A. degrees. Go out to the Western Provinces and ask what university has contributed the most to public life there, and I have not the remotest doubt the University of Toronton will stand supreme."

No one will dispute with President Falconer that there are graduates of his institution who have accomplished something in the public life of the country to which he can point with pride. This was the case to a much greater extent with the earlier than with the later graduates. But in view of the advantages which it is claimed a man with a university education has in making a career for himself, the graduates have not taken the place in our politics that they should have. The contrast with the historic seats of learning of the old land is very marked in this respect. Go through the list of members of the Dominion Parliament or of any of he Provincial Legislatures and you will find the proportion of university men exceedingly small. In Alberta's last Legislature there were but three men with an Arts degree, Saskatchewan has four, British Columbia four and Manitoba two. That does not show a very strong influence on Western life, surely. In the Dominion Parliament the proportion is not much higher. Quebec and the Maritime Provinces where they appear to be more on the lookout for such men, bring it up to a certain extent.

But it is not so much on account ofthe lack of numbers that we fail to agree with President Falconer. The trouble is that those who do get into public life apparently do little to advance the ideals which a university sets before its student. Their

(Continued on Page Eight)

Field-Marshal Lord Kitchener

The fact that this distinguished British soldier passed through the United States during the past week, returning from India to Britain, and failed t o touch Canadian soil, has caused considerable disappointment and criticism in this country.

The People of Edmonton
will find in the
IMPERIAL BANK *of* CANADA
Well-equipped Savings Department

Accounts may be opened for small sums or large ($1.00 and upwards).
Interest allowed on deposits at current rate from date of deposit.
All the facilities and safety of a strong bank are at the services of our Depositors.
A special room is provided for women.
Married Women and Minors may make deposits and withdraw the same without the intervention of any person.

Capital Authorized, $10,000,000.00
Capital Paid Up, $5,000,000.00 Reserve Fund, $5,000,000.00

Edmonton Office, Cor. McDougall and Jasper

Edmonton West End Branch, 619 Jasper West

Your Savings Account is solicited. G. R. F. KIRKPATRICK Manager

NORTHERN CROWN BANK

HEAD OFFICE - WINNIPEG

Capital (Authorized) $6,000,000
Capital (Paid Up) $2,200,000

A General Banking Business transacted at all Branches.

Accounts of Individual Firms, Corporations and Societies carried on most favourable terms.

Special care given to Saving Bank Accounts.

Branches throughout Canada.

R. CAMPBELL, - - - - General Manager
L. M. McCARTHY, - - - - Supt. of Branches

H. H. RICHARDS, Manager - - Edmonton Branch

No "Cussing" from 'Hubby'

When he comes to put on a collar that has been laundered at the Snow Flake Laundry. "THE BEST IS NONE TOO GOOD" is our motto. Give us a trial. We call and deliver your laundry promptly.

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Edmonton's Exclusive Wall Paper Store.

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The latest and best designs for 1910.

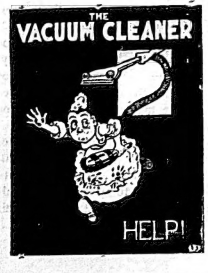
These papers are selling very fast and should be seen at once

Sample sent to any address.

Exclusive Agents for Brige & Sons' Papers, Buffalo and New York.

DESILETS & Co.,

Phone 1853. 311, Jasper Avenue West.



SPRING CLEANING

will be made easy this year. **The Vacuum Cleaner Co.** have new and increased facilities for doing your work quickly and with little expense.

Your carpets and furniture can be thoroughly freed from dust in a few hours without leaving the house. We have also experienced hands to take up and relay carpets which can be cleaned at our works.

Electric Vacuum Cleaner for sale or rent.

R. Kenneth, Agent.
EDMONTON.
TENT & MATTRESS CO.
619, SECOND STREET.

Inheritance

There lived a man who raised his hand and said:
"I will be great!"
And through a long, long life he bravely knocked
At Fame's closed gate.

A son he left who, like his sire, strove
High place to win.
Worn out, he died, and dying, left, no trace
That he had been.

He also left a son, who, without care,
Or planning how,
Bore the fair letters of a deathless fame
Upon his brow.

"Behold a genius, filled with fire divine!"
The people cried,—
Not knowing that, to make him what he was,
Two men had died.

—Isabelle E. Mackay.

—

By the sign of a white carnation worn on Sunday, May 8, you may know them. The men, women and children, who have joined hands in the "Honor Mother" movement.

Who originated the idea I dont know, but as it has become the custom to set apart a day in each year to commemorate certain great men and events, it is not strange that someone should have noticed that "mothers," whose claim to distinction is surely the highest in the world, had inadvertently been left out. The "honor mother" movement is the result.

If all those who have cause to honor their mothers don the badge of membership on that day, I am afraid there won't be white carnations enough in all the country to begin to go around.

The man who starts out in life without the inestimable treasure of a mother's love to cling to, commences the journey with a tremendous handicap. About this love there is a peculiar quality that no other affection or passion in the world can be compared to. It represents the supreme qualities that go into the making of as nearly perfect an affection as it is possible to realize on earth. Pain, ceaseless anxiety, unselfishness, patience, sacrifice, a something independent of good fortune or ill, stronger than death faithful to the last breath, such is mother-love. Those who have known it and lost it, can realize something of the quality of it; those who are mothers themselves, know the depth and eternity of it, but the wayward boys and girls who have found through hard experience that it is the one thing that has stood by them, through failure, disgrace and a Gethsemane of loneliness, can best appreciate the nobility that attaches to it.

It is not given to many mothers to realize, while they live, all that they have been to their children. It is so natural in most homes for sons and daughters to somehow take mother and her love for granted, something that they have always had, and expect to always have in the future, that it is not until she has slipped away into the next life that they even faintly realize what they have lost. Some children again, never appreciate the priceless boon they have enjoyed, in their mother's love, but sooner or later I think the knowledge comes to most of us.

Glancing through my scrap book I find hundreds of tributes from famous men and women to their mother's or in memory of them. Book dedications, stories in which they have immortalized her, references to her that speak volumes for the influence she has exerted on their lives.

"Men are what their mothers make them," is a familiar saying that holds a world of truth. From his mother a boy gets or should get, the best part of his ideals. From her he learns to be loving, patient, kind. She is his ideal of what a woman should be. In after life the memory of her devotion to him, of her intercession for him on many occasions, of her care of him in sickness and in health, of the sweet intimacy they have enjoyed as mother and son, is the rock to which he clings when the world is doing its best to sweep him into the sea of ultimate ruin. Between a mother and her child there is an under standing, impossible in any other relationship. In her boy a mother sees possibilities patent to no other eyes. It is this knowledge that makes her content to give her life's devotion so that he may come into the destiny she sees mapped out for him. No sacrifice is too great, no toil too hard for her if "her boy" is made happy thereby. You and I know not hundreds, but thousands, of parents, who are content to be as nothing so that their children are given "a chance." How many boys and girls in the hour of temptation, have been kept straight by the remembrance of their mothers, it would be impossible to compute. How many sons and daughters, having drained life's cup to the lees, have crept home to whisper their disappointment in mother's ears, the Register of Life will never tell. These are secrets too sacred to be even hinted at, and are kept locked up in mother's heart, her compensation for years of care and loving watchfulness.

And while we are instituting an "honor mother" movement, would it not be as well to "honor father," too? Fathers, owing to the demands made upon them in the scrimmage to provide a living for their families, are often badly side-tracked in their children's affections. To mother they look for everything. There is too in the average father a sternness and lack of understanding that oftimes bar him from his children's complete confidence and love—but a father's love is only second to a mother's, and should be one of the dearest possessions any child could desire.

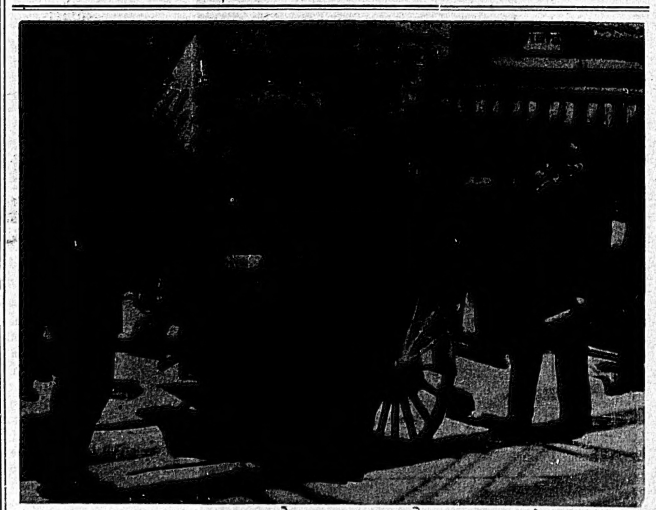
So out with your white carnations on May 8th, and out with pen and pad for a letter to tell your mother, while she lives, how dear she is to you.

Let us show, in Sunny Alberta, that while we may have shifted our abode to a new country, and fallen head over heels in love with the new surroundings, our hearts never wonder in their allegiance from the old, old love, our Mother, nor all the dear old folks at home.

—

I have just been reading a clever skit on "unpleasant people," the kind one rubs up against every day in the week, and which you will all recognize and fit the cap to, in your own circle of acquaintances.

There is always, for instance, the man who looks over-long on the wine when it is red or golden, as the case may be. There is the bore with his long story, and there is the man who cannot live without passing on a tale of doubtful decency or frank nastiness, and the woman who encourages him, with pretended horror and real enjoyment of his daring. There is the lady with a past of decent remoteness and the man with a present which might be better for a disinfectant; the woman who plays a little and the man who sings a little, the lady who writes poetry and the man who makes puns. There are the idiots who insist upon playing games, or "having a little music" when one has dined well, and wishes for nothing but rest and dreamy conversation. There is the dancer who makes his partner a show, and the damp-headed person, and the lady who asks you to guess her age, and the artist who surpasses your honest opinion of his work. The silly geese who pose as hot sports, and refer in slighting fashion to the life "out here in the Colonies," the man with a family tree, the woman with a tradition of better days, the people whose sense of duty is their excuse for candor and a host of other unpleasant, yet very familiar, folk. But why concern ourselves with such unwelcome company when we have the option of more congenial associates. Is it not enough that one has to run against these people in the ordinary social round, without cultivating their society? To the lanterne with all unpleasant people, down with all bores and ambitious upstarts.



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The car strikers have descended upon New York in strong force, each group of two or three with their hand organ. As one of their number grinds out popular melodies, two others genially solicit the sympathy of the passers-by, and there are few who leave their appeal unheeded. By this means the strike, it is thought will be prolonged until the company capitulates.

The Store of Quality

THE GENUINE MOTHER'S BREAD

Don't be misled by "*Just as good*" or "*Exactly the same*" Bread.

There is only one genuine ***MOTHER'S BREAD*** and the letters H. & A. are baked into the top of each loaf

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HALLIER & ALDRIDGE
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Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. We grind our own lenses and are prepared to fill the most difficult prescriptions or to replace broken lenses, while you wait. We are always at your service.

G. F. WATCHER
Manufacturing Jeweler Engraver, Watchmaker and Optician
Glasses ground on premises
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MISS M. FARRELL.
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Miss Geach has opened a Class for Girls at the MacLean Block. Subjects taught: English in all Branches, French, Drawing, Music, Needlework and Drilling.

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City.

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Massaging and Manicuring

See our window for Hair Goods etc.

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39 HOWARD AVENUE, EDMONTON
Business Office Telephone - - - 1061
Editorial Room Telephone - - - - 2222

SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1910.

LEGAL

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Wm. Short, K.C. Hon C. W. Cross
O. M. Biggar Hector Cowan
Offices, Merchants Bank Bldg.
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ADVOCATES, NOTARIES ETC.
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Money to Loan on Real Estate
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H. J. Dawson J. D. Hyndman
H. H. Hyndman.

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S. E. Bolton.
Office: McDougall Avenue, near Imperial Bank Bldgs.

Lavell, Allison & Willson
BARRISTERS, ETC.
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N. C. Willson
Bank of Commerce Chambers
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E. S. McQuaid
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR NOTARY
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MOORE & DURIE
BARRISTERS & SOLICITORS
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Particular attention to collections and agency work.

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R. Percy Barnes, F.A.I.C., A.A.A.
C. Lionel Gibbs, M. S. A., A. A. A.
141 Jasper Ave. West, Edmonton.
Phone 1361

James Henderson, F.R.I.B.A., A.A.A.
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Cristall Block, 42 Jasper Ave. West.
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D. C. BLINN, Osteopath,
Treats successfully all curable diseases. No drugs used.
Hours: 9 to 5 and 6 to 9 p m.
246 JASPER AVENUE, WEST

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Miss Beatrice Crawford
TEACHER OF PIANO
Accompanist
Studio: ALBERTA COLLEGE

DRESSMAKING

MRS A. WHITMARSH
Has opened a Dressmaking Parlor at 320 McDougall Avenue.
Eight years' experience in Eastern Canada.
POSITIVELY ALL WORK GUARANTEED

THE LOUNGER

Despite what some people may say or think, the Lounger was quite sober when he prepared his last week's contribution to the Saturday News. Those humorous chaps, the printers, had the joke on him, for a change, that was all.

—

A simple-hearted and truly devout country preacher, who had tasted but few of the drinks of the world, took dinner with a high-toned family, where a glass of milk punch was quietly set down by each plate. In silence and happiness the new Vicar of Wakefield quaffed his goblet, and then added: "Madam, you should daily thank God for such a good cow."

—

British election stories continue to float in. One of them tells of a candidate who was interrupted in his speech by some one shouting out: "What has become of the old donkey and cart which your grandfather had to take around firewood?"

"The cart, I remember, was broken up many years ago, but I did not know until now that the donkey was still living," quickly responded the proposed candidate, amid roars of laughter, and he was allowed to finish his speech without further interruptions.

—

"This auto is the best argument you could have in proof of your prosperity," said the salesman.

"If that is true," said the prospective purchaser, "what I now wish to know is, will I always be able to drive that argument home?"

—

She looked up toward the man standing back of her chair in the box at the theatre and said sweetly:

"You may look over my shoulder."

"I'm looking both of them over, and they're all right," was the response.

—

George Ham, of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, is the greatest Canadian mixer. He usually entertains all the visiting English journalists and statesmen who come to look over Canada.

Once a party of dignified English journalists came over, and Ham met them at the dock at Quebec. One was a particularly dignified representative of the London Times, much impressed with his importance.

"George," said a friend who was with him, "you'll never be able to make a dent on that man."

Ham looked him over. "I'll bet you a donner," he said, "that he'll be calling me 'George' before midnight."

"Done."

At half-past nine that night Ham called up his friend. "You lose," Ham said. "He has not only called me 'George,' but he has now his arm around my neck and is calling me 'Georgie.'"

—

"Trouble in the Balkans, Bill," the rural editor shouted to his trusty foreman. "Fix her up and slap her in!"

"All right, Hank!" responded the ink-grimed printer. Then he hobbled over to the shelf where the two-column narrative had lain with the Bernhardt-farewell-tour story, the destruction of the early peach crop yarn, and the various mother-in-law jokes since the founding of the Clarion, and slid the type upon a brass galley. After that he unwound the string from around the story, splashed water on it with an ancient sponge, and placed it in the form under the line: "From Our Paris Correspondent."

—

Dr. Wood, the popular head master of Harrow School, once told a capital story of a boy who missed a battalion drill, which is considered a somewhat serious offence at the famous school. The doctor summoned the lad, an American, to his study and thus addressed him:

"Do you know, as the honorary colonel of the cadet corps, I can have you shot, and as the head master I can have you birched? Now, which sentence do you prefer?

The humor of the situation overcame the culprit's nervousness, and with a smile he replied:

"I prefer to be shot, sir, because then you'll be hung."—Tit-Bits.

—

Those Impossible Heroes

—

In books of fiction I have read
I've never failed to find
Upon the hero's dordly head
No mark of human kind.
He is beyond all mortal laws,
He's godlike, straight and strong;
He has the edge on me because
He never does things wrong!

It seems, sometimes, he's tempted, quite
Beyond his lordly will:
I turn the page in great delight,
To find him battling still.
Conditions press him, push him hard!
A vast and gaping throng
Sees virtue win her due reward—
Our hero does no wrong!

And so it goes throughout the tale.
He beats the tempter down;
He is the chap who does not fail.
And wins to great renown!
But, just so stories would not be
The same old sort of song,
I wish he'd be somewhat like me,
And sometimes do things wrong!

—

The old gentleman from the back lots was holding up a line of passengers at the ticket office of a Chicago station the other day. "I want a ticket to New York." "Twenty dollars, please." "What? Twenty dollars? The last time I went it was only ten!" "Twenty dollars, please." "How long has the fare been raised? I ain't got no twenty dollars!" "Twenty dollars is the fare. Hurry up!" "I ain't going to pay no twenty! I know I only put up ten last time." "Then get out of the way. Don't you see you're holding up all these people? If you want to go to New York it will cost you twenty dollars! Move on!" "Where can I go for ten dollars, then?" And, the line of people told him in one emphatic monosylable.

—

The self-made man wrote his name in the hotel register, remarking in a grandiloquent manner, "I'm one of those chaps who always pay as they go." "Any baggage?" queried the clerk as he swung the book around. "No," answered the other. "Then," rejoined the clerk, "you are one of those chaps who are expected to pay as they come. Two dollars, please."

SEASONS I HAVE KNOWN

It has been a fad for years with people who are wise enough to know that their autobiography would not be read, to inflict on a long-suffering public "People Whom I have Met," or "Folks Whom I have Known," and so on. It's quite a snap, especially if the people whom you have known are safely dead, and cannot come out with a letter to the editor of the nearest paper saying that they were "incorrectly reported" (formula), or that the whole thing is an impudent forgery.

I am not so awfully good at figures, but I have estimated that if Sir John A. Macdonald and Abe Lincoln told all the stories credited to them, they hadn't time for meals, even from the hour of their birth till the moment when they quit for good; and if all the doggerel Scotch verse that has been attributed to poor, defenceless Robbie Burns was got together it would fill a barn.

And now the Oldest Inhabitant and the First Settler are on the job, this unheard-of early spring having started them going, and they are busy telling the neighbors of "seasons I have known," and for a picturesque and really entertaining liar commend me to the Oldest Inhabitant or the First Settler—it's six of one and half a dozen of the other.

* * *

But I got onto a thing the other night that was really fresh and new. I was passing the old and long-since-deserted and neglected Six Cedars graveyard, when I heard a confab that held me there till the cock crowed.

It was a soft, balmy night, with a sky full of stars, with a rumor of warm winds in the cedars—a wind that carried a suggestion of fresh plowed fields and new grass. Half the population of the old cemetery had climbed out of their graves and were sitting around on their diladidated tombstones, talking about the early spring. One garrulous old fellow was perched up in a tree, and when the wind blew through his slats it sounded like an Aeolian harp tackling the overture to William Tell.

"Yassir," said one old pioneer. "Ive seen airlier spring ner this. Now, the spring uv 1820 was a beauty. I was workin' in a grist mill in Crooks' Holler then, and we picked burries on the first uv May."

"The year I died was a remarkable year," cut in another ancley wreck. "I went up the flume on the seventh uv Aprile, an' the folks was cuttin' hay. I'd a-had a bigger funeral only fer that, fer hay was hay in them days."

"What year was it you blew out?"

"In 1835. When did you croak?"

"I demised in 1827. What's yer name? Peasley—huh!—I disremember any folks by that name round here."

"Oh, you kicked the bucket 'fore our folks came round here 'tall. We settled nigh Bullock's Corners in 1830. Why, I was kilt helpin' to build Webster's mill. I fell off the roof into the dam, and went over the fall. Dr. Dill said I died uv shock. I should think I did! What did you die uv?"

"Oh, nuthin' serious. I was kind of peekit an' run down, an' I ketched a coldt."

"An' he tromped onto you?"

"What tromped onto me?"

"I thought you said you ketched a colt."

"I said cold—c-o-l-d! Are ye deaf?"

"Kinda. My grave's in that holler spot, an' I get all the wash from the gravel knoll. Kinda airly spring, Mister Teeples, ain't it?"

"Very," piped up the little old fellow addresses. "I fit into the rebellion, an' the spring uv '37 was a wonder. Why, the commissariat 'lowed us rations uv new pitaties on the twenty-fourth uv May—an' a quart of buttermilk per man. I hev heerd tell since that the spring of '40 was somethin' 'stonishin', but I didn't see it. I got blowed up by a biler bustin' in Eggleston's sawmill over to Ancaster on the day before Christmas, '30. That accounts for the fact, gentlemen, that I am not all here with you this evenin' on this here auspicious occasion. You'll excuse me fer addressin' you from a sittin' posture; fer I sure am handicapped. I've only got my left leg from the knee down, an' it jest natchully ain't no use to me."

"Did you know my Aunt Prudy?"

"In knowed her well. She was a fine woman an' a perfessor."

(Note.—The ghost meant that the lady professed religion. There were no female professors, as we understand them, in those days.)

"She's sittin' over there behind that red oak this blessed minute. The pore old girl feels that she ain't jest 'xactly dressed fer comp'ny this evening, but I've heerd her tell that she made garden an' planted taterses, an inyins an' sweet peas on the 20th uv March—yassir—the 20th uv March."

"She used to live over nigh Fiddler's Green?"

"Yas, but she lived mostly at the Sulphur Springs. She went to a missionary meetin' that very spring on the Governor's road, and she got drownded somehow. That was in '43—but, hold on, was it? 'Pears to me it was '44. Say, one uv youse fellers that has got both laigs, go'n take a squint at her gravestone—that's it, over yonder. What's that you say—'47? Wall, I didn't think it was as near hand as that. Now, the spring uv '50——"

And the cock crowed!—The Khan, in Toronto Star.

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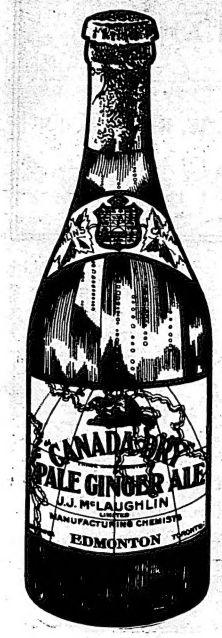

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HOME AND SOCIETY

Edmonton

One of the most brilliant social functions ever given in Edmonton was that which assembled a smart company of guests to a dance at the King Edward Hotel on Friday last, with Mr. and Mrs. Joe Morris as host and hostess. Never before has the idea seemed to occur to anyone what a splendid place for a dance the King Edward dining hall, with its lovely softly-tinted walls, its perfect floor and golden-shaded lights affords, Friday night when the guests had arrived and the ball was in full swing, the scene presented was more like an incident one would expect to take place in the Savoy Hotel in London or the Waldorf Astoria in New York, than a private dance at an outpost city of an empire.

Lights gleamed softly from every point of vantage, in and out among the great pillars smarily-frocked men and women swung to and fro in the mazes of the dance, at the far end of the handsome ball room a buffet supper was prepared with a staff of irreproachable men waiters in line to serve it at a moment's notice. Who could believe that this was faraway Edmonton, and the ball a western, and not a metropolitan affair.

To the right of the entrance of the ball room is the lounge set aside on this evening for those preferring a quiet rubber of bridge, and here too some of the young people stole off to have a quiet chat. Upstairs the pretty public parlor and the tea room off it, were also reserved for sitting-out rooms, while the rotunda of the hotel was at all times a favorite rendezvous for the men who couldn't capture partners, so consoled themselves with a smoke. I think I have never been at a dance in Edmonton where both men and women were in such perfect accord as to the excellence of the arrangements, where pretty partners showed off to better advantage, or where the general tone of the assembly was so infectiously merry. Turner's Orchestra furnished irresistible dance music, doing themselves proud, and all in all this delightful dance, on any score, was a tremendous and a notable success.

Mrs. Morris received her guests at the entrance to the ball room, a graceful figure in an elegant toilette of white spangled with silver sequins, her lovely white hair dressed with the new turban effect, which for the first time I thought pretty, and eminently becoming. Mr. Morris was with her, the kindliest of hosts, with a hearty word of welcome for everyone, and some of the guests present, were Mrs. Cross, in a charming French creation of palest pink satin with chrystal and pearl garniture; Mrs. Nightingale, who looked stunning in black sequins over white silk; Mrs. Jack Woods, of Dawson, who looked very handsome in a black sequinned, with some superb pearl and diamond ornaments; Mrs. Turnbull in a most becoming mauve crepe with lace garniture; Mrs. Jack Anderson, a quaint petite figure in old-gold satin, with quantities of lovely lace, and a knot of gold flowers on the corsage; Mrs. Scoble in a filmy white lace robe, with a wreath of tiny pink rosebuds in her pretty wavy hair; Mrs. Forin in a becoming mauve; Mrs. Webster, in rich black; Mrs. Short in a very smart gown of palest yellow satin with touches of gold and cobwebby lace insertion; Mrs. James Biggar in softest white satin with beautiful rose-point lace berthe, Mrs. Swaisland, in pale pink veiled in chiffon dusted with chrystals; Mrs. Jennings in pretty white crepe with chrystal garniture; Mrs. Emery in a handsome sequin over-dress over old-rose taffeta; Mrs. Charlesworth, a tireless dancer in graceful white satin; Mrs. Bowker in an attractive gown of white lace, with flounces, over pale blue silk; Mrs. Dickins, in a modish white lace robe over taffeta; Mrs. Hislop, who looked very pretty in apple-green charmeuse satin with jewelled passementerie; Mrs. J. D. Harrison, who dances exceedingly well, in black sequins; Mrs. Wilfrid Harrison, in a striking chiffon robe merging into a lovely shade of old-rose; Mrs. Robert Mays, looking very bright and well after her trip, in dainty yellow Dresden silk; Mrs. Dick Hardisty, a striking figure in rich black; Mrs. Cornwall, who I thought very charming in a beautiful white creation, with some shimmering chrystal applications; Mrs. Nivin, in black sequins with embroidered self-colored roses and touches of old-rose; Madame Thibaudeau in satin striped white chiffon with touches of gold on the decollette; Mrs. Roy Douglas, in pale yellow with lace ornamentation; Mrs. O'Kelly, one of the prettiest matrons in a handsome jet sequinned gown; Mrs. J. J. Mills in an embroidered grey gown with a kilted skirt; Mrs. W. D. Ferris in black net with jet garniture; Mrs. Geo. Stockand in a pretty frock of soft pink satin; Mrs. Jones in a most becoming white gown; Mrs. Bannantyne, a pretty piquante woman, in mauve satin, with deep fringe and gold sequin ornamentation; Miss Lowes, of Calgary, who was enjoying herself immensely, in a smart little pale blue gown and wearing old roses; Miss Eleanor Taylor, radiant in pink silk; Miss Fairservice, an acknowledged belle in mauve crepe with dull-colored passementerie, her gown fitting her perfectly, and her hair beautifully dressed after the Grecian style, with gold braided bands; Miss Walker, looking very sweet and fetching in pale violet satin with heavy gold embroidery; Miss Cuthbert in black with a dainty white lace tucker; Miss Forin as pretty as ever in pale blue with white satin folds; Mrs. Robertson in rich white satin with touches of handsome lace; Miss Barnes, a picture in a girlish white frock; Miss Phoebe Sanders, in white crepe de chine, who came with Mrs. Frank Smith; Miss Forsythe, a striking figure in handsome black lace; Miss Mackie, in white lace, with a crimson bandeau in her hair; Miss Bourchier, who looked very well in a lovely shade of green; Miss Potter who looked very vivacious and pretty in white satin, and Miss Henderson in white brocaded satin.
asrieswlonc;flyjfld|,bodydes

—

Mrs. Arthur Mowat returned to town on Tuesday after spending the winter in Toronto, and is en pension at Updown Villa.

—

It will be a source of keen satisfaction, I am sure, to a very large circle of friends, to hear that Mrs. Arthur Murphy, who was operated on about a week ago by the Mayo Bros., in Rochester, is making a splendid recovery, and is expected home in about a month's time.

—

Mrs. Howard Ritchie leaves on the 30th of this month for a six month's visit in the east. While away she will spend some time in Chicago and Toronto, later going on to Muskoka, where she will have a good long rest. I understand that Mr. and Mrs. Ritchie are giving up their house on McKay avenue for the present, and are storing their furniture. Unfortunately Mrs. Ritchie has found the high altitude of Edmonton very trying, and is obliged to remain in the east for a good long change before again trying if the west will not be kinder to her.

—

Mrs. George Stockand leaves at the end of this week to spend two months in Ottawa. While away her mother is keeping house for her, and looking after her littlest grandchild.

—

Mrs. Wallbridge has issued invitations for a tea this Friday afternoon.

—

"The Revellers" have sent out cards to a dance in the Separate school theatre on Friday, April 29, the patronesses of the occasion being Madame Gariepy, Madame Milton Martin, Mrs. J. S. Smith, and Mrs. J. McNamara. M. A. Boileau is the secretary.

A Few Facts Concerning
WATER-GLASS
IT IS THE MOST RELIABLE
Egg Preserver
KNOWN
Eggs kept in it for two years have remained unchanged
No trouble to get ready and the cost trifling
One tin will make 11-2 galls. of solution
You can save from 40 to 50 per cent. by packing eggs now for winter use.
COST PER TIN TWENTY-FIVE CENTS AT
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MRS. ROBERT GOELET.

One of the American women who are as well known in Paris and London as in New York, Mrs. Goelet, is a daughter of the late Mr. E. H. Harriman. Her husband's sister is the Duchess of Roxburghe. Mrs. Goelet, who is noted for her good looks, is a most accomplished horsewoman.

The Forbes Taylor Co.
Costumiers

Have had a direct importation of
French Toile Normande
Rajah Silks
in newest Parisian tints of colorings. Correct weight for
Summer Gowns, Suits or Separate Skirts
Only one suit length of each shade

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Home and Society

Calgary.

Mr. and Mrs. Maharg were at home the first time on Tuesday afternoon. A crystal basket of pink and white roses and carnations on a handsome centre, under a canopy of smilax formed the table decorations in the tea room, while the miniature table, upon which the ices were served, was prettily designed in violets.

Mrs. Maharg wore a pretty reception gown of grey satin with net overdress and touches of silver, and Miss Maharg was very prettily attired in cream satin.

The tea table was presided over by Mrs. MacKid, becomingly gowned in filmy cream, with touches of brown and wore a picture hat. The ices were served by Mrs. Eager in green silk with furnishings of cream lace, and black picture hat.

The assistants: Mrs. Jarvis, in pale green silk and picture hat; Mrs. Butte in point d'esprit, draped over silk with pink and gold picture hat and Mrs. Jamieson, in pretty rose pink and hat to match. Master Ivan Maharg presided skilfully at the door.

—

A quiet but pretty wedding took place on Saturday, April 9th, in the Church of the Redeemer, when Miss Matilda Reid, formerly of Yorkshire, England, was married to Mr. W. H. Burton, also of England. The bride, wore a grey princess gown trimmed with jet, and picture hat to match and carried a bouquet of pink and white carnations. Mr. and Mrs. Burton left on the 1 o'clock train on Sunday for Brooks, where they will reside in the future.

—

Miss Isabel Cousins, who has been the guest of the Misses Jaynes, 12th Ave. West, left for her home in Medicine Hat.

—

Mr. R. G. McNeillie, the newly appointed district passenger agent for the western division of the C. P. R. arrived here on Thursday morning.

—

Mrs. Martin Quinn arrived in Calgary this week, and intends making his home with his son.

—

Rev. Berry, of High River, is in the city.

—

Mr. D. B. Peat, of Lethbridge, is in town for a few days.

—

Miss Love, of Chicago, is seeing Calgary.

—

Rev. Canon Stocken, of Gleichen, is in town.

—

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Smith, of Seattle, are spending a few days here.

—

A. M. A. Bellachey, K.C., of High River, is in the city.

—

Mr. P. A. Moore, of Banff, Alta., spent a few days here this week.

—

Mr. A. Leitch, of Cranbrook, is making a business trip through here.

—

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Noel and party are guests at Braemar Lodge.

—

Mrs. George Bull, is entertaining her mother, Mrs. Cornell, of Winnipeg.

—

Mrs. Archdeacon Sims, of Sercee reserve, is a guest here.

—

Rev. Smith, of Crossfield, spent a couple of days here this week.

—

Rev. Thomas Powell and Miss Powell of Lacombe, are visiting in Calgary.

—

Mr. G. E. Goddard, of Bow River Ranch, spent a few days in Calgary this week.

—

Miss Sanderson, of Macleod, was the guest of her sister, Miss C. I. Sanderson, at the Marlborough Mansions.

—

Wednesday claimed Mrs. Stratton the gracious hostess of a dainty luncheon, in honor of Mrs. Robertson, of Olds. The table was attractively arranged with the prettiest of lace centres, upon which rested a tall cut glass epergne filled with an exquisite cluster of day-break carnations. Covers were laid for Mrs. Robertson, Mrs. Sisley, Mrs. Woods, Mrs. C. A. Stuart and Mrs. Bates.

—

Mrs. Cornell (Winnipeg), Mrs. Bull, Mrs. Grogan, Mrs. Lafferty, Mrs. Short, Mrs. Mewburn, Mrs. Herman Mewburn, Mrs. Sansom, Mrs. Stratton, Mrs. Helliwell, and Mrs. Sisley were entertained by Mrs. Woods on Friday to a very charming luncheon. The tables were picturesque with daisies and fern, attractively arranged among the sparkling silver and perfect table appointments; Mrs. Woods, wearing a beautiful fashionable lingerie gown, extended a gracious welcome to her guests.

—

On Tuesday of thies week Mrs. Geo. Bull received for the first time since coming to Calgary. The pretty home on College Lane was gay and fragrant with clusters of pink and white carnations, ferns and palms; Mrs. Bull, wearing a handsome gown of ivory duchesse satin, warmly welcomed her many callers. Her mother, Mrs. Cornell, received with her and was much admired in a very lovely costume of golden brown satin, Mrs. Herman Mewburn in the prettiest of pink satin dresses, with large picture hat to correspond, served the dainty refreshments.

—

Mrs. Cornwall (Edmonton), Mrs. Green, Mrs. Grogan, Mrs. Wrigley, Mrs. Brookbank, Miss Meyer, Miss Muckleston, Miss Sutherland, Miss Campbell, Miss De Sousa, Miss Lowes, Miss Ings, Miss Lilly, Miss McCulloch, Miss Berkinshaw, were charmingly entertained to a most enjoyable tea on Saturday by the Misses Jaynes.

Miss Cousins, of Medicine Hat, in whose honor the tea was given, wore the prettiest of pearl grey silk dresses, trimmed with necklace and artistic touches of pink. The Misses Jaynes received their guests in fashionable white silk mull gowns, finished with fine lace and insertion. The tea-table was attractively arranged with a dainty lace centre and fragrant clusters of white daisies and smilax. Mrs. Van Wart, with pleasing grace, presided over the tea and coffee cups.

Roosevelt in Africa.

From time to time rumors have reached the civilized world of the marvellous tropical beauty of the animal and vegetable life in the interior of Africa. But to us all, it was hardly more real than the old-tme legends of our childhood. Now through the intricate mechanism of the cinematograph the fairyland is brought before our eyes, and we can revel in the verdant vegetation and brightly-hued flowers and birds even as this great American explorer has done. One could almost hear the shrill laugh of the hyena and majestic roar of the lion as they wander in the leavy shade seeking their prey. Already man is trying to bridge this expanse, but the wild beasts do much to impede his progress. Somehow the telegraph poles will get in the way of the long-necked giraffes, and then, woe for the months of labor spent on the telegraph work.

The operator who took the pictures might easily have sacrificed his life for the sake of his occupation. On one occasion while portraying a rhinocerous the animal saw fit to charge the whole apparatus, and had not the guard had presence of mind enough to aim straight, these pictures would never have been shown, and that vast interior would still have been a mystery to the majority.

The 2,000 feet of film of this unparalleled production have been secured at great expense by the Star-land management and will be shown on Friday and Saturday of this week.

PUBLIC AND CRIMINAL

How a New York Theatre Audience Shows its Sympathy

(New York Evening Post)

Striking evidence of a too common attitude towards criminal law is furnished by the applause of the audience in the trial scene of a play that has been running in New York this season. For the most part, the play is like any one of a hundred adaptations from the French; it adheres to al lthe conventions of the melodaram, and uses all the accredited devices to enable the audience to shed its much-loved tears. But it goes farther than most plays in its demands for sympathy with the criminal and for disapproval of the normal action of the law, and the fact that it fully carries the audience is, therefore, of more than dramatic interest. All that is clearly established in the trial is the fact that Mme. X. has killled a man. There is not the slightest attempt to throw doubt upon that point; the lawyer for the defence rests his case simply on these two grounds; first, that there was probably some good reason for the murder, since the man was known as a bad character and had twice been imprisoned for theft, and second, that on general principles, when a woman goes wrong she should not be punished, since the real responsibility always rests upon some man. Now, it is to be expected, of course, in a play of this kind, that the rigor of the law will be relaxed in view of extenuating circumstances, even though the extenuating circumstances are merely imagined as somehow or other probable. But the jury's verdict is simply "Not guilty." And then follows a storm of applause. There might indeed, be some slight excuse for such a verdict in France; but certainly no one would maintain that our New York audiences have such an eye for fallacies as to keep in mind the fact that a morality based on French conditions does not necessarily hold good in America. Their sympathy is given without reservation, and suggests very strongly that a similar verdict in one of our own actual courts would meet with the same approval. Those who still hold that the question of whether the world is better or worse off without the murdered man is not the case at issue, would soon have to begin a campaign of propaganda.

To Halley's Comet

Mysterious traveller of the skies,
That to the searching glass appears
A wisp of light among the stars,
Where hast thou been these many years?

Yon greybreard there who totters by,
Perchance he say thee when a lad—
Art thou a harbinger of war?
Dost come a portend good or bad?

How long upon thy lonely way
Hast thou been journeying? Was the earth
A formless waste in darkness girt,
And void, when thou didst have thy birth?

Canst tell us aught of heavenly thing?
Is there a home beyond the stars?
Didst hear the choir of angels sing
When Christ was born? Have Venus, Mars,

And distant Neptune, life and love,
And joy and sorrow, dost thou know?
Doth God direct thy endless course
As centuries come and ages go?

Perhaps, when thou dost come again
The reign of peace will here prevail;

Mayhap beneath the light of truth
The powers of darkness then shall fail.

Man's inhumanity to man,
His petty pride and souless greed,
Shall yield contrite submission to
The precepts of a kindlier creed.

Mayst thou of good an omen be,
For man portend a better day,
When from this earth injustice, wrong,
And sordid strife shall pass away!

—William Ross Lee in Munsey's Magazine.

Where Pope Pius X. Entertains His Distinguished Guests

Our picture shows the Pope's private study, in the Vatican, Rome.

ORIGINAL
CAPITAL BEER
THE BEST TONIC FOR SPRING
FINE OLD SCOTCH WHISKIES
THAT ARE FOUND IN EVERY GOOD HOME
COME FROM THE
Capital Wine and Spirit Co.
A. E. Hopkins, Manager

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CHINA
1/4 OFF
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STATIONERY STORE
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SEPARATE SCHOOL BASEMENT
Tuesdays and Fridays from 4 p.m.
Married Ladies' Class - - 4 p.m
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Private Lessons, place and hours by arrangement.
Phone MISS LUNDY, 2356
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New Goods arriving weekly
We are showing one of the most Up-to-Date Stocks of Millinery in the city.
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But an advertising medium which has a LITTLE MERIT is, like "a little knowledge," a "dangerous thing." Some business men there are, always, who---for considerations of "cheapness," etc.,---will either rely upon such mediums wholly, or give hem an absurdly large part in their advertising campaigns.

MATHIEU'S SYRUP of Tar and Cod Liver Oil
Large Bottle 35c
Mathieus' Nervine Powders
Box of 18 Powders 25c
From all dealers

Cure that Cough-Prevent Another

There is a double benefit in using Mathieu's Syrup of Tar and Cod Liver Oil. It *cures*, it *fortifies*; it removes the immediate trouble, drives away the cough, soothes the irritated surface, heals the inflamed membranes and at the same time, owing to its tonic properties, builds up the system as a whole.

Its results are marvellous.

A bottle in the house is a wise precaution.

All dealers keep

MATHIEU'S SYRUP
Of Tar and Cod Liver Oil

J. L. MATHIEU CO., Props., SHERBROOKE, P.Q.
Distributors for Western Canada, Foley Bros. Larson & Co., Vancouver, Edmonton, Winnipeg

THE CITY GROCERY CO.

Corner of Eighth and Jasper. Phone 1813

High Class Dealers in Grocery & Fresh Meats

Prompt Delivery Guaranteed.

A Few of Our Saturday Specials

16 oz. Bak. Powder, reg. 25c,—15c
Toilet Soap, reg. 5c,....8 for 25c
Huntly & Palmer Biscuits, reg. 40c, 25c
Fresh Ground Coffee at 30, 40, 45c
Fresh Eggs at.....20c per dozen
Best Japan Rice,....5 lbs for 25c
Pearl Barley, reg. 10c,...4 lbs 25c
Clover Leaf Salmon 20c, 2 for 35c
1½ oz. can Pineapple Cubes, 15c ea.

Just received a large consignment of Naval and Blood Oranges.

Reg. 40c Oranges.....30c
Reg. 50c Oranges.....40c
Blood Oranges, reg. 35c.....25c
Lettuce, Tomatoes, Celery, Radishes
Rhubarb 3 lbs. for.....22c
Bananas.....30c per dozen

GILBEY'S
INVALID PORT
FOR A SPRING TONIC

Recommended by Physicians.

For sale by

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LORD ROSEBERY ON POLITICS

A Striking Speech at a Banquet in Honor of his Son's Return to Parliament.

Lord Rosebery, speaking at Wisbech on the occasion of a dinner given in celebration of the return of his son, Hon. Neil Primrose, to parliament, made an amusing speech. "I am here," he said, "is somewhat unusual position as a subordinate, but an accessory factor to the feast, not in my own individual character, humble as it may be, but as the person who is responsible for the production into the world of Mr. Neil Primrose. (Laughter and cheers.) In all dramas, at least in all the dramas of my youth—the dramas of my youth have been replaced by something superior of which I understand less—there was always an estimable character filled by a somewhat lumbering gentleman, who was known as the heavy father. (Laughter.) I tonight am the heavy father. (Renewed laughter.) But as the drama progressed—it always ended happily in those days—the heavy father we usually found transformed into the happiest and most delightful of all characters, which is that of the happy father. And I can assure you there was no happier father in all the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland than I was when a received, after a morning of long anxiety in Scotland, the joyful telegram that announced my son's election. (Cheers.) I could see the many defects under which he labored. The principal of these is one which he will find that time will only too soon eradicate—that of being extremely young—but I believe that you in Wisbech are famous for the art of forcing fruit and vegetables to maturity, and I have no doubt that such a constituency as this will force my son to a maturity which he can hardly hope in his wildest moments to attain. Whether he will undergo that further process—marriage—I do not know. Those are secrets which sons do not impart to their father as a rule. (Laughter.) They find an earlier confidant. But sure I am of this, that even if he has no such idea at the present, he may be satisfied with the wedded bond which he has entered into with this constituency of Wisbech, to which, as he has told you, he will adhere with unflinching fidelity as long as his partner is equally faithful. (Cheers.) I myself, if I were not a heavy father, and if I did not recognize the character in which I am here, might find myself in some embarrassment as being at a Liberal banquet, for if I were to judge from the utterance of some of the press, I should run some risk of assassination, or at any rate of mutilation. (Laughter.) But I have no such fear. It is quite true that I did not and do not see eye to eye with the government on one of its principal measures, but that I do not purpose to discuss tonight."

Unfair Electioneering.

"You are, unfortunately, familiar with my views, because I understand they adorned every wall in the constituency of Wisbech, and that they were circulated by ½d. or 1d. post to every person who possesses the franchise in this division. Of course, it is not for a peer to interfere in any election of the commons house of parliament. Lord Peckover, however, has ventured to express an opinion looking back on the election, and so I may take courage to do something of the same kind, and I may say this: that, never having stood for an election for the house of commons myself—only for a municipal election—I am not familiar with the strategy of electioneering, but I confess I was surprised to find that it is recognized as a justifiable part of the strategy of elections to work the opinions of a father against the opinions of a son. (Cheers.) In the old Liberal party which I once had the honor of leading (cheers) and which to my knowledge I have never quitted, although I sometimes think it has quitted me, we fostered and sanctioned all forms of Liberal opinion; there was no prescription; people were allowed to utter their thoughts even if they might run counter to the general current of political opinion. But I admit there is a stricter discipline now (laughter) and that I at any rate need not regret it when I reflect that I have reached the age which Mr. Gladstone marked as the age at which no man should undertake new offices, and at which, therefore, every party politician may feel justified in cutting himself aloof from the party and turning himself into the paddock of his remaining days. And after all in that question of age may there not be a great part of the difference of opinion among Liberals? My son is, I think, 26. He has probably opinions I entertained at 26. He has all the generous enthusiasm, high faith, noble ardor, a belief in accomplishment of much good by legislation, which prevail at the age of 26. I hope he may long retain it. But reverse those figures. At 62 you have seen many disillusions; you have seen many illusions disappear. Your hope and belief in the power of legislation to effect much is apt to shrink, and you look back instead of looking forward, and your politics partake rather of autumn than spring. I think it not impossible that when my son reverses the figures of his present age and reaches the age of his father he may take a less sanguine view than he does of politics at present. I hope when that time comes he will find himself able to remain abreast of his own party and work entirely and strenuously with it.

Traditions of Liberalism.

"It seems a great absurdity to think that a father and son, in view of their respective ages, should be expected to think just the same. It is a very strange thing, an almost abnormal thing. My son has been trained in the best, I hope in the highest traditions of Liberalism. He adheres to those traditions. He is anxious to push them to the utmost, and it would be very strange if at the age of 26, when he is in the prime of manhood, he were to turn his back on his early training simply because his father suspected Socialism where he did not see it. And when you have had forty years of politics you do not want any more, and you only try to move by your own conscience, however painful it may be to do what it seems you are plainly called upon by that conscience to do irrespective of the ties one is bound to. You wish to talk politics as little as possible. My children have given me nothing but happiness, and therefore when my son came to you I watched his career with an anxiety which I have only just overcome lest you should not find yourselves able to return him to parliament."

MUSIC AND DRAMA

Elektra.

The bass fiddles groan and the large trombone
Gives a bellowing yowl of pain,
While the deep bassoon grunts a sordid tune
And the flutes make wind and rain.

The flageolet squeaks and the piccolo shrieks
And the bass drum bumps to the fray,
While the long saxaphone with a hideous groan
Joins in the cacophonous lay.

It's a deep blood lust and we're taught we must
Gulp it down and pronounce it grand
And forget the lore when Trovatore
Was sweet to understand.

Ah, those dear old airs, it now appears,
Were not to be classed as Art,
We must shake with fear through a great nightmare
And aware with a terrible start.

Oh, the nameless dance and the hideous trance
That the audience wallows in,
And the strange, strange noise and the murderous joys
And the fun of a far-flung Sin!

No more, no more; it was fun galore
While we plunged through the rotting weeds,
But the time has come to be going home
To the fine old musical creeds.

—John A. Moroso, in New York Times.

The announcement that the Earl Grey musical and dramatic competition is to take place in Winnipeg next year, instead of an eastern city, should stimulate Alberta amateurs. Several times propositions have been put forward to send talented companies east but the expensiveness of the undertaking has always stood in the way. 1910 should, therefore, be their opportunity.

The Toronto papers speak in very high terms of the work of the Dickens Fellowship Company, which put on "The Cricket on the Hearth," and won the prize this year.

—

Winnipeggers are this week enjoying a dramatic offering "Miss Pepple of New York," which was written by two young Winnipeg men and is being produced by city amateurs.

—

Our recent visitor, Mark Hambourgk, put on a complete Chopin programme at Massey Hall, Toronto, last week, in honor of the Chopin centenary. Few composers have so warm admirers and the various magazine articles that the event is bringing forth are arousing much interest. Lucy Lillie gives an interesting picture of him in a contribution that she makes:

It was in Paris, she writes, when Chopin was about twenty-five years a age, a slim, refined-looking young man with a gay smile, although very melancholy eyes, and my friend and her painter cousin met him in the market-place of the Madeleine buying violets and other such spring flowers, after which they walked across the sunshiny square together to Chopin's apartments where he had a charming salon full of softly tinted draperies, of flowers, some dusky old portraits and some water-colors, light in tone and delicate in sentiment. Chopin was in excellent musical humor. He played for them, going from one thing to another, until nearly evening. He improvised, and would turn his head back from the piano, looking from one to another, well knowing the sympathy he would read in their faces. My friend told me that her memories of Chopin at the piano, as on this occasion, were very wonderful and precious to her. Sometimes he would grow absorbed and look like the embodiment of his own most melancholy music, but his touch was light and flexible; no one, unless it was Moscheles, Lizt, or Rubenstein, ever played his impromptus in any way as he did himself. No musician's work seemed so entirely part of the composer's very soul—to be the outcome of his own personal feelings, his own fancies, his will, fantastic, and pathetic longings; and for this reason one likes to think of him at the piano in the beautiful room, playing, improvising, and, as it were dreaming over the strange chords, the brilliant arpeggios, and bewildering chromatic passages, while all about were the fragrances of spring flowers, violets and daffodils, a heaping jar of narcissus, and great bowls of lilacs, white and purple, mingling their odors with the dreamy sounds. I wished that my friend had more to tell me of that one day in Paris. Somehow, as I have said, Chopin's music calls it readily to mind.

He had gone out to buy flowers as a sort of inspiration; and certainly the music that resulted always lived in my friend's memory—part of her thought of the man himself, for Chopin's music was distinctly personal. Some critics think it over-

(Continued on Page Eight)

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LIQUOR LICENSE ORDINANCE

Applications for Renewals of Liquor Licenses

The following applications for liquor licenses will be considered by the Board of License Commissioners at the annual meeting to be held at Edmonton, on Saturday, the 21st day of May, 1910, at 10 o'clock a.m.:

Pierre Borle, for consent to the transfer to himself of the license granted to Kenneth McGillis in respect to the Ray Hotel, situate on part of the north-west quarter of 34-54-26 W. 4th M., Ray.

Pierre Borle, for renewal of the license in respect to the Ray Hotel, situate on part of the north-west quarter of 34-54-26 W. 4th M., Ray.

R. A. Chisholm, for renewal of hotel license in respect to the Hotel Ste. Anne, situate on Lot 7, Lac Ste. Anne.

Astoria Hotel Co., Limited, for renewal of hotel license in respect to the Astoria Hotel, situate on Lots 34, 35 and 36, Block 5, St. Albert.

Mastai Bertrand, for renewal of hotel license in respect to the Grand Union Hotel, situate on Lot 12, Block 1, Athabasca Landing.

William Hergott, for renewal of hotel license in respect to the Alberta Hotel, situate on Lot 86, Morinville.

N. Asselin, for renewal of hotel license in respect to the St. Albert Hotel, situate on Lot 73, Block 4, St. Albert.

T. Gibeault, for renewal of hotel license in respect to the Victoria Hotel, situate on Lot 11, Morinville.

Charles Dugal, for renewal of hotel license in respect to the Transit Hotel, situate on Lot 39, Block 2, North Edmonton.

John McNamara, for renewal of hotel license in respect to the Shamrock Hotel, situate on: 300 feet from the N.W. corner of N.W. ¼ of 20-55-26, W. 4th M., Riviere Qui Barre.

Wilfrid Fortin, for renewal of hotel license in respect to the St. Emile Hotel, situate on S.W. ¼ of 25-57-24, W. 4th M., Legal.

A. E. Gagnon, for renewal of hotel license in respect to the Morinville Hotel, situate at the intersection of Grandin Avenue and Tache street, Morinville.

Alex. Widman, for renewal of hotel license in respect to the Saskatchewan Hotel, situate on River Lot 18, Lamoureux.

Carl Gitzel, for renewal of hotel license in respect to the Fairview Hotel, situate on S.E. of 3-53-27, W. 4th M., Spruce Grove.

J. E. Laurencelle, for renewal of hotel license in respect to the Royal Hotel, situate on Lot 6, Block 4, Spruce Grove Centre.

Thos. Labelle, for renewal of hotel license in respect to the Halfway House, situate on 6-54-23 W. 4th M., Horse Hills.

E. Chevigny, for renewal of hotel license in respect to the Farmers' Hotel, situate on Lots 11, 12 and 13, Block 1, Riviere Qui Barre.

Wallace Noyes, for renewal of hotel license in respect to the Noyes Crossing Hotel, situate on 2-55-1, Noyes Crossing.

Miller Bros., for renewal of hotel license in respect to the Royal Hotel, situate on Lots 5 and 6, Block 2, Stony Plain.

Jacob Litzenberger, for renewal of hotel license in respect to the Bismarck Hotel, situate on Lots 1 and 2, in Block 2, Stony Plain.

Dated at Edmonton this 13th day of April, 1910.

A. Y. BLAIN,
Acting Dep. Attorney-Gen.

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Home and Society

Edmonton.

(Continued from page four.)

Something went wrong in the office last week, the result of which was the omission of a goodly part of my society news. How annoying these things are, it is quite unnecessary for me to state. Sometimes I have every inclination in the world to throw up the work and the worry such incidents as this entails and seek the quiet and repose of a purely domestic life. But that would be only relegating the task to some less experienced shoulders, and so one keeps on getting disciplined. I need hardly add that the Dickey—Tupper wedding, Mrs. Davies' reception, etc., etc., were items which should have appeared in last week's issue. I think the Royal Commission is at the bottom of the whole trouble.

—

Mrs. Thomas Davies nee Miss Haycock, of Ottawa, held her first reception since her marriage at her very artistic cottage on Eighth street, on Tuesday afternoon of last week, when a steady stream of callers kept this graceful young bride more than busy making their acquaintance. Mrs. Davies had on a charming gown of mauve crepe de chine, and a great bunch of violets. Assisting her was Mrs. J. D. Hyndman, her sister-in-law, wearing a very pretty and becoming frock of Dutch blue silk, trimmed with braid of the same shade.

Tea was passed in the cheery living room, a pleasant change from the more formal tea-room arrangement. In future Mrs. Davies will receive on the first Tuesday of the month, and next week she is expecting her sister, Miss Oswald Haycock, of Ottawa, on a visit, to be with her during her husband's absence on his survey.

—

The announcement of Mr. Harry Evans' engagement at mid-week to Miss Isabel Jackson of Toronto, came as a big surprise to many of his friends in town, though why, it would be hard to say. One rather gets the notion, I think, that once a handsome young bachelor, always one. Which is foolish, as both men and birds when they have tried their wings for a while, begin to settle down and plan a nest of their own. Well, the groom is handsome enough in the present instance, has scores of friends who wish him and his bride-to-be all kinds of good luck, and I also hear that the fair fiancee has more than her own share of good looks.

Old Upper Canada boys will remember Miss Jackson as the daughter of Mr. W. S. Jackson, for many years Dean of Upper Canada College Residence.

—

Mrs. Bower Campbell and Miss Norah Campbell have returned from a delightful three months in southern California, where, by the way, Mrs. T. W. Lines and her children are still enjoying themselves. I hear that Mr. Lines left England on the 8th, and that he will probably visit his family in the south before coming home.

—

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Archibald are moving east a block on Seventh street, having rented the house formerly occupied by the Tom Henderson's.

—

Mons. and Madame Delavault have joined the west end colony, having left their house on Sixth street to take up their residence in one of the new houses on Jasper avenue near the Muir Frith's.

—

Mrs. O. F. Strong will not receive again this season.

—

I have heard since my return to town that Dr. Synge is not leaving Edmonton for long, having merely gone to Rochester, Me., to take a post-graduate course under the renowned Mayo Bros., to last about three months.

—

Mrs. J. D. Hyndman and her children are leaving in June to spend the summer at her old home in Prince Edward Island.

—

On Tuesday of last week at twelve o'clock the marriage was quietly celebrated in All Saints' Church of Miss Mary Dickey, second daughter of the late Hon. A. R. Dickey, and Mrs. Dickey, formerly of Amherst, Nova Scotia, and Mr. Charles Tupper, son of Sir Hibbert and Lady Tupper, of Vancouver.

Ven. Archdeacon Gray performed the ceremony and as the bride entered the beautifully decorated church, the choir sang the exquisite bridal hymn, "The Voice That Breathed O'er Eden," during which the wedding procession came slowly up the aisle to the chancel which was very effectively arranged with quantities of palms and cut flowers.

The groom and his best man Dr. McLaren of Calgary, awaited the bride at the chancel steps, and very sweet and fair and happy she looked as she came in with her brother, Mr. Horace Dickey, who gave her away. Preceding her were the bridesmaids, her two sisters, Miss Constance and Miss Dorothy Dickey, the former in delicate champagne silk, and the latter in old rose silk princesse gowns with large black picture hats with floral crown of apple blossoms, and both carrying shower bouquets of pink carnations and ferns.

The bride's wedding gown was of white crepe de chine over soft Liberty satin, a tulle veil, and a becoming little crown of orange blossoms, which set off her graceful girlish figure to perfection. Her bouquet was a spray of lilies of the valley ferns and bridal roses, and she wore the groom's gift, an exquisite miniature pendant of pearls and diamonds set in platinum, with a place for a miniature in the back.

The bridesmaids also wore the groom's gift, Miss Constance, a dainty amethyst heart on a silver chain, and Miss Dorothy, a signet ring.

During the ceremony the choir sang "O Perfect Love," and Mr. Barford presided at the organ in his usual finished manner. The only guests present were the immediate relatives, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Hyndman, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace McDonald and Dr. Paddy MacKid of Calgary.

Mrs. Dickey, the mother of the bride, looked very handsome in a black chiffon toilette, with touches of mauve on hat and gown.

Lady Tupper was in an elegant costume of wistaria with beautiful lace garniture and a stunning hat en suite, while Miss Francis Tupper was a picture in a lovely pale grey frock and hat with pink roses.

At the conclusion of the service the party adjourned to the family residence on Twenty-first street for luncheon, when the table was very effectively decorated with quantities of white tulips and a fine big wedding cake. Some excellent speeches were made by the groom, his best man, and Sir Hibbert Tupper, after which the bride hurried off to don her travelling suit of navy blue serge cloth with a jaunty hat to match.

The honey moon will be spent at the Coast, the bride and groom speeding off for the train in an auto laden with white ribbons and other similar favors.

Sir Hibbert and Lady Tupper also took the afternoon train for Vancouver. On their return Mrs. Tupper will receive with her mother at her former home, before going out to her husband's farm near Stoney Plain.

The Saturday News joins in wishing this popular girl and her stalwart young husband all happiness and good fortune.

—

The dance given by the Ladies' Hospital Aid in the Separate School Hall on Tuesday night was one of the prettiest and the most largely attended affairs since the long-to-be remembered ball given in honor of His Excellency nearly a year ago. Over two hundred and forty people were actually in attendance making dancing for all at the same time an almost impossible feat.

However, there were delightful little alcoves screened with long pink and green paper streamers with any number of cosy chairs for those who preferred to sit out; a stage so enticingly arranged with palms and plants as to suggest a conservatory, from which one could obtain a fine view of the pretty women in their lovely frocks, and numberless little tete-a-tete corners, here and there, where weary dancers could rest and take breath for the next number on the programme, that matters adjusted themselves nicely, and the floor was rarely uncomfortably crowded.

The decorations of the ball room were unusually effective, the lights being shaded with great rose-petal shades, subduing the customary white glare into a soft rosy pink, eminently becoming to the fair dancers, but maddening from a social reporter's standpoint. I am not color-blind but I admit that I found it very difficult to tell gold from pink, or green from blue, under the seductive reflection of the rose shades. However balls are not arranged from the point of view of a newspaper writer, and I can vouch that from a general standpoint the effect was wonderfully pretty. Above the stage were soft draperies in green and pink paper, culminating in an immense true-lovers knot in pale green in the centre. The bow, without any ticket plainly the work of one pair of artistic hands—Mrs. Sydney Woods, a magician, if ever there was one, in handling crepe paper.

At the right hand side of the hall was an attractive little lemonade booth, all pink and green streamers and true-lovers knots, where delicious lemonade with all the cherry trimmings, was dispensed throughout the evening. Supper was served on the stage at small tables, and was, as always, delicious. Mrs. Kinnaird, I believe, presided over this end of the arrangements, while Mrs. J. K. Cornwall, Mrs. Woods, Mrs. Jennings, Mrs. MacNamara, Mrs. McKenzie, Mrs. Farquharson and Miss Belcher had the decorating in charge.

The floor was excellent, and Turner's orchestra supplied the very excellent music.

Some of those at the dance were: Mrs. Cross in a lovely little shell-pink frock, the bodice dusted with opalescent seed pearls, and a knot of French flowers on the corsage. Mrs. Swaisland, in a charming pale blue brocaded chiffon gown over taffeta, with a pink sash arangement draping the skirt, and some rich pink silk embroidery on the decollette. Madame Delavault, ares chic and much admired in a graceful black sequinned robe. Mrs. Turnbull, whom I was delighted to see able to dance once more, in mauve crepe and rich lace. Mrs. Emery, in black sequins over old rose silk. Mrs. MacNamara, in a dream of a gown, pale blue moire, made empire, veiled with the finest silk net, edged with bands of the moire, and outlined with silver, the bodice encrusted with heavy silver embroidery and turquoise stones, an exquisite toilette and most becoming to the wearer's graceful style. Mrs. Heathcote, in a most becoming white frock. Mrs. J. K. Cornwall in a beautiful gown of palest pink satin, with touches of gold and rich pink and pale green passementerie, who brought her guest, Miss Lowes, of Calgary, in a simple but very effective empire frock of pale yellow satin, with deep silk embroidery edging the sleeves and decollette. Mrs. Edmiston, looking exceedingly well, and a much sought after partner, in black sequins with a corsage bouquet of rich crimson roses. Mrs. Jennings, in a beautiful ecru lace robe with touches of pink, and a knot of pink roses on the corsage. Mrs. Morris, in handsome black net studded with silver sequins. Mrs. Frank Smith, in white lace with touches of pink, and her guest, Miss Sanders, in dainty white with pink roses. Mrs. Frith, in most becoming maize crepe de chine, with rich jewelled passementerie. Mrs. J. D. Harrison and Mrs. Jamieson, of Strathcona, both in effective black sequinned gowns. Mrs. Farquharson, in becoming pale blue. Mrs. Howard Ritchie, in palest violet satin. Mrs. Bowman, in rich champagne satin, with filmy lace garniture and tiny jet buttons. Mrs. Williams, in a dainty figured eolienne with pearl garniture. Mrs. Holly Ross, white satin with silver sequins. Madame Fontaine, in handsome gold satin. Mrs. McKelvie, a pretty blonde, in some pale pink material. Miss Eleanor Taylor, in most becoming pink silk. Miss Fairservice, in the much-admired gown she wore at Mrs. Morris' dance. Miss Scott, in girlish white. Miss Cameron, looking exceedingly attractive in pale blue satin, the bodice latticed in satin folds, and with a tucker of white chiffon dusted with crystal beads. Miss Belcher, who was having a capital time, in mauve satin. Miss McKenny, in effective black. Miss Evelyn Murphy, in soft white eolienne, made empire, and Miss Kathleen Murphy, in pretty maize satin. Miss Nicol in pale blue, and Miss Hazel Nicol in dainty white. Miss Richardson in pretty pale blue silk.

To the ladies who worked so untiringly for the success of the dance the greatest praise and credit is due.

—

Mrs. Robert Mays returned on Thursday last from a very enjoyable visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Sommerville, at Santa Barbara, Cal., bringing with her her little daughter Jocelyn, who has spent the winter in the south.

I have just heard that Mr. and Mrs. Sommerville are not merely intending to spend the summer here, but that they anticipate again taking up their permanent residence at the Capital. Miss Abby Sommerville's marriage to Mr. Gheselin is to take place some time in the early summer.

—

Mons. and Madame Martin have left their former residence on Tenth street and have taken an apartment in the Rene Lemarchand Mansion.

—

Mrs. Edwards leaves some time next month to spend three months in the east, principally at her old home in Peterboro.

—

Mrs. W. D. Ferris has definitely decided to go abroad with Dr. and Mrs. Wells and their party and leaves in about two weeks to join Mrs. Wells in the east.

—

The Edmonton Amateur Dramatic Club are putting on a play "His Excellency the Governor," at the Empire Theatre some time around the 28th of this month, to run for three nights and a matinee.

—

Mrs. J. Morris will receive on the first Tuesday and Wednesday in May, and not again this season.

—

Mrs. James Henderson had a jolly little tea in her apartments in the Wize Block on Wednesday afternoon.

—

Mrs. Preston, who has spent the past winter with her daughter, Mrs. Crookshank, left for Wilkie, Sask., on Thursday last. Mrs. Crookshank will not receive again this season.

—

Mr. and Mrs H. T. Madill (nee Miss G. Maclean) of Edmonton, have arrived in the city, and will reside on Thirteenth avenue.—Calgary Optimist.

—PEGGY.

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NOTE AND COMMENT

(Continued from Page One)

conduct in politics shows little evidence that they belong to the superior order of individual that the university should turn out. They force one to the conclusion that they have come to the front by forgetting as much as possible what was taught them during their four years of undergraduateship. What President Falconer says about the need of the Universities acting as a training ground for public life is quite true. But we must confess that we are very pessimistic as to the results which they have had in Canada up to the present. Possibly it has been simply because this is a new country and such men do not come to the front till more settled conditions exist. Or it may be that in most of our higher seats of learning up to the present, the proper methods have not been followed and that the work being done at present will bear ample fruit in the next generation of politicians; we ardently hope so. In no way can a university better justify its existence. It is not as a school of research, but as a training ground for citizens that it is entitled to the support which it receives from the public.

—

The Toronto Star contains a report of a recent discussion at a theological club in connection with the Victoria Methodist university of Toronto, which it takes as an evidence of a very decided change of sentiment among the members of that denomination. The church's historic attitude to the theatre, to dancing and to other amusements has been the subject of frequent debate. When it has come up at conference the conservative element has always been able to outvote those who wished to take off the ban. But among the rank and file of church members and adherents there has been a growing tendency to break away from the restriction.

One contribution to this debate at Victoria, argued that in humanity there was a natural craving for amusement. In fact, an absolute mental need for it. The drama was one answer to that craving. The strenuosity of modern life, the never-ceasing drive of business, accentuated this demand for amusement. And clean amusement was actually a good moral force under these circumstances.

"Were John Wesley writing his discipline today I am convinced that he would have taken a different attitude towards theatre-going and card playing and other amusements, because of the different place that these things hold in relation to life nowadays," he asserted.

He added that the actor was not now regarded in the same light as in the days of old when English law classed him with rogues and vagabonds, and him liable to arrest and imprisonment if he were found within three miles of a town.

One by one the students arose and told of their visits to the theatre though they were supposed not to go. A young man from the west was very outspoken. "I have no hesitation," he declared, "in going to a theatre when I feel like it. I consider it the duty of every good Methodist to patronize every clean play that comes to town. It is only by the Christian people rallying to the support of clean plays that the theatre can be won for the moral drama."

"They say the devil has control of the stage," said another, "but is is no good reason why Old Nick should be allowed to monopolize a means of entertainment which could be made an agency of good."

Out of the mouths of its young men the church stands a good chance of learning wisdom. The arguments which they used have often been heard before. But they appear so reasonable on their face that most people wonder why so much opposition has been offered to them.

LAY FOR WEEKS AT DEATH'S DOOR

BUT DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS CURED MRS. THOMPSON'S DROPSY.

It started with Backache and grew worse till the doctor said she must die.

Holt Ont., April 18.—(Special).—All the country side here is ringing with the wonderful cure of Mrs. Samuel Thompson, who lay at the point of death for weeks, swollen with Dropsy, so that the doctor five different times decided to tap her but desisted because, as her husband said, "It might be better to let her die in peace." After the doctor had given her up Dodd's Kidney Pills cured her.

Mrs. Thompson's terrible trouble started with pain in the back. She grew worse and the doctor treated her for jaundice for eight weeks. Then her feet and legs began to swell, and it was realized that Dropsy was the trouble. For seven months she suffered. The doctor said there was no hope; she must die.

As a last resort Dodd's Kidney Pills were tried. The improvement was slow, but gradually her strength came back. Today Mrs. Thompson is a well woman. She says, and the country-side knows, she owes her life to Dodd's Kidney Pills.

If the disease is of the Kidneys, or from the Kidney's, Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure it.

Music and Drama

(Continued from page six.)

laden with sentimentality, an element young players are too apt to get into their style, and certainly to be strictly avoided; but Chopin, it seems to me, had too much real genius to make this predominate. Everything he wrote had its dinge of melancholy; everything had a little undercurrent of fanciful feeling, which breaks out now and then, like the spray of a fountain, into something which ends in thin air before you can catch all its lights; but the fountain is solid, and when you play any of Chopin's music, remember not to be carried away with the idea that it is all to be expressed in lightness and delicacy.

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Opera management and opera composition are not nearly as lucrative as opera singing. The Metropolitan opera company each year has a big deficit which is met by the millionaire directors. Oscar Hammerstein is said to be more fortunate. It is told of the latter that he has no system of bookkeeping. He deposits what he gets in the bank and draws his checks. If he has anything left in the bank at the end of the season he knows that it has been a profitable year; if he has to replenish his opera funds from a private account he knows that he has lost, but he does not know except in a vague way, which operas have been profitable and which have been money losers.

Caruso is said to receive $200,000 a year from the Metropolitan Opera company and Patti claims to have received $6,000 a night for two seasons of sixty night each. Even in the good old days of Jenny Lind, divas were not underpaid. Here is a copy of the Lind contract with Mr. Lumley in 1846: "An honorarium of $24,000 for the season, April 14-August 20; a furnished house, carriage, and pair of horses; a sum of $1500 should she desire to have a preliminary holiday in Italy; liberty to cancel her engagement should she feel dissatisfied after her first appearance and an agreement not to sing elsewhere for her own emolument."

Humored and petted and lionized as they are, grand opera stars often develop idiocyncracies which they characterize as the outgrowth of temperament. The temperament often has peculiar ways of making itself manifest. Handel on one occasion caught a prima donna by the scruff of the neck and hung her suspended in mid-air out of a window until she acceded to his requests.

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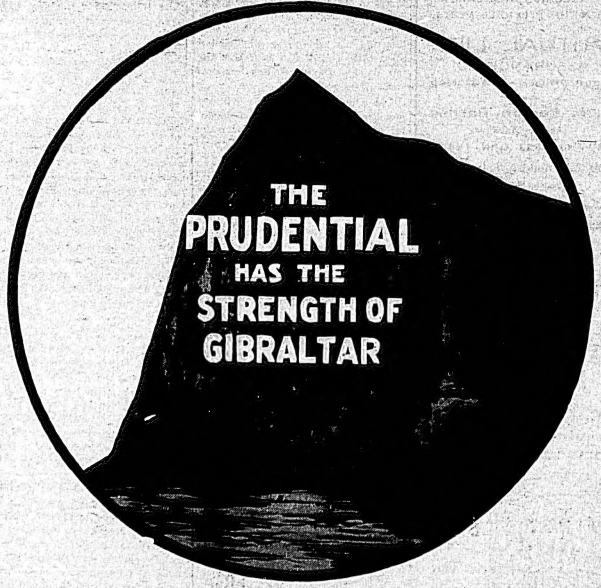

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